

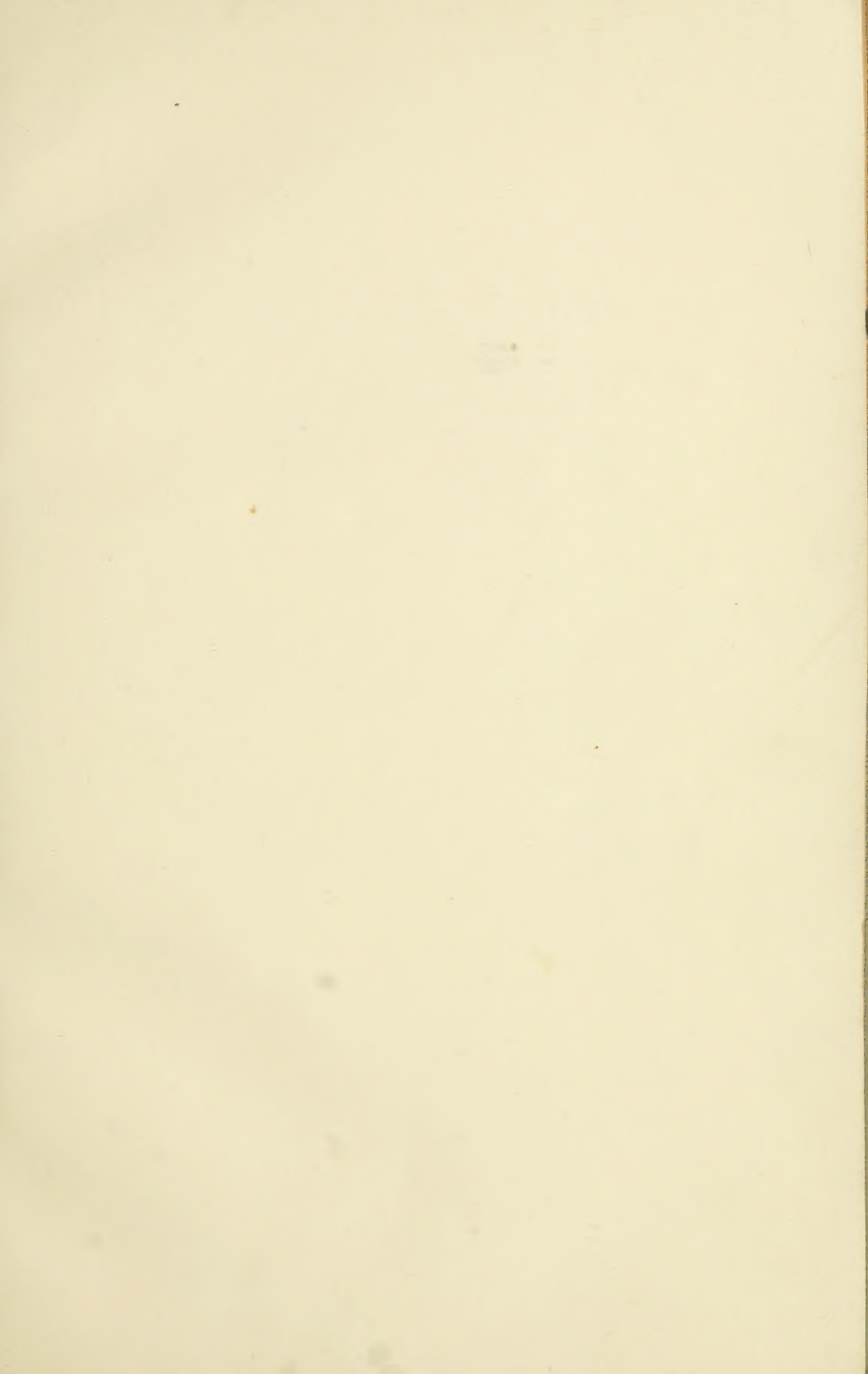
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[Fischer, Henry W ]

Great newspapers of continental  
Europe. I. German newspapers.







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GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

1

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS

by

Henry W. Fischer

425501

3.7.44

[Excerpt from The Bookman,  
January 1900]



among them, if he could rewrite his criticism, would not now and then erase an epithet, spare a sarcasm, modify a sweeping condemnation? We own it wounds our tenderest feelings to know her sensitiveness to such attacks; and when she sheds tears over the *Times* critique—of all things in the world to weep over—our heart bleeds indeed.

I have not succeeded at the date of writing to discover the authorship of the articles in question, though I have a clue. The *Christian Remembrancer* was published by Messrs. J. and C. Mozley, and one of the editors was Canon Mozley, the eminent theologian. In Dr. Mozley's letters, edited by his accomplished sister, Miss Anne Mozley, whose essays in the *Saturday Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Bentley's Quarterly Review* are still worth turning to, we find that Mozley announced, in a letter to his brother, dated January 1, 1855, that he has resolved to sever his editorial connection with the *Christian Remembrancer* on account of an important divergence from the High Church party. He says, "I do not think it right under such circumstances to have anything more to do with the editing of the *C. R.* What I have had, indeed, has been of an imperfect, irregular kind, and more belonging to

the practice of *amicus curiae*." He goes on, "I have written to Scott some three weeks ago to this effect." Scott is the Rev. William Scott, father of Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, and an active contributor to the *Saturday* in its early days. It is tolerably evident that Mr. Scott, who resided in London, was the active editor of the *Review*, and his connection continued for a considerable time at least after Mozley gave up his place on the staff. The *Remembrancer* survived well into the sixties. Perhaps the publication of these facts will bring additional information, which will be gratefully welcomed. It is tolerably clear that the two articles referred to in the *Christian Remembrancer* are from different hands. So much new Brontë matter has been brought to light lately that it is hardly possible to keep up with it. If I have been anticipated, let me plead ignorance as an excuse for this article. I know, of course, the slight allusions to the *Vilette* article in Mr. Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, but they do not touch my point.

I am not aware that Charlotte Brontë on any other occasion wrote to an *editor* about any review of her books.

W. Robertson Nicoll.



## PRELUDE

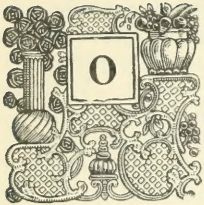
Not with the maddening tumult of the wind  
That sweeps with unresisting impulse rife,  
Nor fiercer flame, that leaves sad waste behind,  
But softly would I move along thy life;  
As 'mid still eloquence of woodland maze  
We stay the step, and silently pass nigh  
Where the imprisoning hush of twilight ways  
Shrines, dryadlike, the heart of Mystery,  
Lest the spell break we tread not all too near,  
But steal with trembling breath dim paths along—  
Finding the shadow than all light more dear,  
Finding the hush more sweet than any song;  
Thus, at its portal, 'twixt thy soul and strife,  
I would move softly, love, along thy life.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.



# GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

## I German Newspapers



IN the long history of German newspaperdom—and it goes back to 1403 A.D., when a Leipzig book-maker issued the first Zeitung to commemorate the obsequies of the Emperor

Frederick—in all these five centuries only one instance of influence wielded by the press can be recalled. In March, 1813, the *Schlesische privilegierte Zeitung*, in Breslau, published Frederick William the Third's *Call to Arms (An Mein Volk)*, preceding that spirited harangue, which was composed by Hippel and inspired by Gneisenau, with the terse announcement, "The king has entered into a defensive and offensive alliance with his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, Czar of all the Russias."

The placing of this bit of momentous news at the head of the official proclamation was a stroke of editorial brilliancy never surpassed and never repeated in the annals of Teuton journalism. It gave colour and backbone to the royal effusion, carrying it from the sloth of a half-egotistical, half-patriotic appeal to the heights of promising performance.

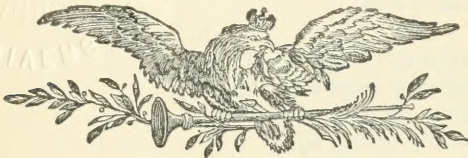
As all the world knows, it had an electrical effect. The people rose as one man; those who could not bear arms laid their fortune, their jewelry, their personal apparel even upon the altar of the Fatherland, and the great struggle against Napoleon began.

Yet this convincing proof of the beneficial influence of publicity was entirely lost, and the "nation of thinkers," though forever rummaging in the tomes of the past, has never yet recalled and recommended as an inspiring example the *Schlesische Zeitung's* masterstroke. But while German editors failed to learn a lesson that might have carried them to the head of continental journalism at a comparatively early age, as an offset, they forgot another thing calculated to mar their reputation for honesty and loftiness of purpose.

On June 19, 1815, Blücher caused the first yellow sheet to be issued in the tongue of Goethe and Schiller, but though he was, and still remains, the popular idol, his example found no imitators.

Here is a fac-simile of the *Berlin News (Hande and Spencer'sche Zeitung)*, in which Blücher claims Waterloo's laurels in this summary style: "I have won the

most complete victory over Napoleon in conjunction with the Duke of Wellington, at La Belle Alliance." Twenty-five thousand, then an incredible number, of copies were sold; but, notwithstanding the distinguished *accoucheur*, sensationalism and exaggeration proved still-born children. Not quite still-born, perhaps, for they were allowed to make themselves heard, and the public was even amused to watch the *Wechselbälge* kick up their little feet; but both as to newspaper-makers and readers the departure from the legitimate was momentary only. A paper con-



*Schlesische privilegierte Zeitung.*

No. 34. Sonnabends den 20. März 1813.

Se. Majestät der König haben mit Se. Majestät dem Kaiser aller  
Reußen ein Off- und Defensiv-Bündniß abgeschlossen.

An Mein Volk.

PRUSSIA'S CALL TO ARMS AGAINST THE FIRST  
NAPOLEON, MARCH, 1813.



ducted on the lines of the New York "yellow journals" could not live in Germany. Scare-heads and the similar devices of perverted journalism are confined to the "extra" fiends, rat-office printers and others eking a precarious living by issuing occasionally a penny-dreadful, printed on one side only, and containing no other matter besides the hair-raiser on which the fakir seeks to fatten. And woe to him if he falls into the hands of the police. Not only the "extra" shouters, but the publisher, editor and printer are jailed on charges of creating and abetting, respectively, a public nuisance. This offence is punishable by imprisonment "not less than three days and not more than two years."

The German newspaper is, above all, dignified. In the better class of papers there is a wall between "upstairs" and "downstairs" that no gold-laden ass can scale, though he be shod with diamonds; and even the small papers feel their mission to uphold their party views and to instruct and guide with a seriousness and a disregard of pecuniary considerations that is almost pathetic. There is no such thing as securing attention by scare-heads and articles conforming to the term. While, in order to be talked about, the papers of many countries cut some curious capers during their teething period, the German gazette is as sedate, as ponderous of mien and as poor in matters of news, or, on the other hand, as frivolous and wide-awake and bourgeois on its birthday as after a career of twenty years.

Take, for instance, the case of Berlin's youngest paper—the *Petit Journal* of Germany—*Der Lokal Anzeiger*. After a long newspaper experience in the United States August Scherl started his little sheet on American lines. He dispensed with the mill-stone leader, threw overboard heavy phraseology and confined himself to news served attractively, concisely and independently. That was unusual enough, but when Berlin woke up to the fact that the new weekly treated political intelligence exactly as it did



**Berlinische Nachrichten**  
von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen.  
Am Verlage der Hader- und Spenerischen Buchhandlung.

Extra-Blatt No. 1. Sonnabend, den 21ten Juni 1815.

Berlin, vom 21. Juni.

Morgens 3 Uhr.

So eben langt, aus dem Hauptquartier Sr. Durchlaucht des Fürsten Blücher von Wahlstadt, durch den Escurier abgefannten Lieutenant Kerns, folgende Schreiben an mich hier an:

„Ew. Excellenz benachrichtige Ich, daß Ich gestern, in Verbindung mit der Englischen Armee unter dem Herzog von Wellington, den vollstündigsten Sieg, der nur ersehnt werden kann, über Napoleon Bonaparte dar zu getragen habe. Die Schlacht fiel in der Nähe einiger Anhöhen auf der Straße von hier nach Brüssel belegenen Hülfen: „la belle alliance“ (die schöne Allianz) genannt, vor, und einen besseren Namen dieses wichtigen Tages kann es wohl nicht geben. Die französische Armee ist in einer völligen Auflösung, und eine außerordentliche Menge von Gefangenen, und eine Zeit erlaubt es mir nicht, Ew. Excellenz in diesem Ausmaß mittheilen zu können. Ich behalte mir die Details vor, und bitte dieselben nur, dem gütigen Verlinern diese frohe Nachricht mitzutheilen.“

Hauptquartier Gemappes, den 19ten Juni 1815. Wers.

Um 5 1/2 Uhr.

D i e s e t."

K. d. G. v. S.

Zur Föder dieser glänzenden Sieges wird morgen, den 21ten, in allen Kirchen der Hauptstadt ein Teuermeyer begangen werden.

Extrablatt der „Berlinischen Nachrichten“ mit der Nachricht von dem Siege der Verbündeten bei La Belle Alliance, am 18. Juni 1815.

Dieses Blatt ist in Bezug auf die in demselben befindlichen Originalen. Originalgröße.

Berlin, Gedr. v. Brock. 1815.

NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCING NAPOLEON'S DOWNFALL.

police court news—without comment of any sort—German astonishment knew no bounds, and for a time the *Anzeiger* was tolerated out of curiosity, rather than from motives of appreciation. Scherl, on his part, took care that no one was without the new paper on Sunday mornings, and to this end began a war against the news companies. Realising their unwillingness to reform antiquated methods, he collected a thousand women, able to give a small, interest-bearing security for faithful performance of duties. These became his canvassers and carriers, each being assigned to a district in which to make a house-to-house appeal for readers, not subscribers, for at first the paper cost nothing beyond the delivery fee of two and one-half pfennigs, about half a cent per copy. The two and one-half pfennigs and a like amount paid by the office was the carrier's wage, each being required to dispose of two hundred papers in as many households or offices, a little army of inspectors and spotters preventing deceit or waste. In this way the foundation for the *Anzeiger's* great circulation was laid—no

Abonnementspreis:  
 Ein Viertel im Voraus  
 Berlin (Postamt) 4 Mk. 50 Pf.  
 bei den Agenturen 4 Mk. 75 Pf.  
 Ausland 5 Mk. 25 Pf.  
 Die Reichspost...  
 von Wien, Mainz & 250  
 Schwaben... 7 Mk. 25 Pf.  
 Italien... 7 Mk. 25 Pf.  
 Russland... 8 Mk. 25 Pf.  
 in der Provinz... 4 Mk. 75 Pf.  
 in der Provinz... 4 Mk. 75 Pf.  
 in der Provinz... 4 Mk. 75 Pf.  
 in der Provinz... 4 Mk. 75 Pf.

# Frankfurter Zeitung

(Frankfurter Landeszeitung)

und Handelsblatt.

(Eine Frankfurter Zeitung)

Preis der Anzeigen  
 Die erste Spalte...  
 die zweite Spalte...  
 die dritte Spalte...  
 die vierte Spalte...  
 die fünfte Spalte...  
 die sechste Spalte...  
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 die siebenundhundertste Spalte...  
 die achtundhundertste Spalte...  
 die neunundhundertste Spalte...  
 die tausendste Spalte...

family paper was ever started on more legitimate and business-like lines.

After the ten-pennings-a-month edition had taken thorough root a price was put on the newcomer, and the paper was issued thrice weekly at a cost of fifty pfennings a month. The first daily issue, having a *bona fide* subscription list of a hundred thousand names, appeared a year later, and Scherl's canvass, conducted in the mean time, had gone to such lengths as to enable him to publish from his lists a city directory so much more complete and reliable than the existing one that the older institution was forced out of business. It is Scherl's boast that he has on an average five to six subscribers in almost every house in Berlin. I once saw this penny paper on the Kaiser's desk in the Neues Palais, and on inquiry learned that forty-two were delivered at the Schloss every morning and evening, exclusive of copies intended for the servants' quarters.

"And how many *Kreutz-Zeitungs* do you get?" I asked the fat *portier*.

"Two—one for Majesty" (the Berliner eschews the pronoun in connection with titles), "one for Majesty and the other for Graf Eulenburg," the chief court marshal. Alas, the ingratitude of kings! The *Kreutz-Zeitung* was especially started for the defence of throne and altar, and during the fifty years of its existence has been as loyal to the monarchy and as eager to be the Government's speaking-tube as the *Anzeiger* was, and is colourless in respect to affairs of the royal house, and independent of official and semi-official news and literary sources.

Yet such is the power of circulation, even in *réclame*-despising Prussia, that imperial ministers and courtiers not only prefer Herr Scherl's bourgeois sheet for perusal, but occasionally furnish it exclusive news of the "all-highest circles," which the organ of feudalism and the aristocracy is obliged to reprint with credit, as it dare not ignore intelligence appertaining to the Crown.

When I talked with the managing editor of the *Kreutz-Zeitung* on this subject, he smiled disdainfully. "The neglect on the part of statesmen who have degenerated into politicians," he said, "doesn't affect us in the least; for until our paper dignifies court news by printing it in the proper department, no such information is taken for 'voll' (entirely correct)."

The *Kreutz-Zeitung's* real name is "New Prussian Gazette," but no one, not even its own editors, call it by that title, the synonym suggested by the iron cross on its head having completely obscured the real designation. With the *Lokal Anzeiger* this organ of publicity shares the distinction of devoting much space and venom to abuse of the United States. Indeed, if it were not for that, the American people would probably be ignorant of their existence; for, despite their large circulation and courtly prestige, neither paper exercises the smallest vestige of influence. The *Kreutz-Zeitung* hates us because we are republican, because we are prosperous and because our natural products make competition for the Prussian *Junker*, who imagines that he was ordained by Providence to feed the masses at prices most agreeable to his

## Königlich privilegirte Berlinische Zeitung

Nr. 434.

von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen.

Wöchentliche

Zeitung.

1899.

Freitag den 15. September.



Abonnement vierteljährlich für Berlin 6 Mk. 50 Pf.  
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„Berliner Tageblatt“  
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# Berliner Tageblatt.

Nummer 587.

Berlin, Freitag, den 17. November 1900

Preis 1 Mark 50 Pfennig.

pocket. Our late war with Spain has, in addition, stirred up its military bile, for, with one or two exceptions, the *Kreutz-Zeitung's* editorial staff, inclusive of correspondents and reporters, consists of ex-army officers, every one of whom seems to think that the marshal's staff he carried in his knapsack escaped his grasp only by the merest chance. To these men the American policy of recent years has been bitterly distasteful. They have consistently poked fun at the "Yankees" and sneered at our "lack of discipline, training and equipment." And when we were at war with Spain the reports of victory were branded as "infamous lies," while the Madrid inventions received precedence over every other piece of news. The *Kreutz-Zeitung's* rancour is bred by ignorance and party spirit, but with the *Lokal Anzeiger* it is another matter; for not only its publisher, but its editor-in-chief, Herr von Kupfer, too, know and love America, while acknowledging that the success of their undertaking is entirely due to methods and ideas studied and acquired by them in this country. Yet so profound and general is German animosity toward the United States that the most widely read of German dailies thinks it politic to subserve, against its own better knowledge, to popular clamour. And this reminds me of another America-travelled Berlin editor, who delights in vilifying the United States—Doctor Lange, of the *Deutsche Zeitung*, a paper which of late began to figure in the cable dispatches as a purveyor of the most reliable, exclusive news of the Transvaal War.

In the fall of 1896 I happened to call on Dr. Lange at his office, and, after

getting through with my business, asked him to tell me frankly what particular fault he had to find with the United States. "Only this," said the great man, giving me a withering look, "America is intelligent, capable, full of achievements, but it has no culture."

The German *arbiter elegantiarum* accompanied his sentence with most expressive gestures, which disclosed frayed and soiled paper cuffs, a ditto collar and a ditto bib, which imperfectly concealed a blue Jaeger shirt, which, he explained, needed no washing. He simply shook it well at the end of every week. That in the matter of furnishing the most momentous news of the day Dr. Lange's little paper at present outdistances the *London Times* and the *London Mail*—though its ordinary news service is restricted to the dispatches of the official agency, and though it is inconceivable that the *Zeitung* has correspondents in the field or can pay telegraph tolls from the African interior—this seemingly inexplicable capacity for securing "beats" that develop over night without any preliminary outlay in money or grey matter is a feature peculiar to German newspaper life that needs explanation.

With the exception of the *Lokal Anzeiger* and its namesakes and imitators in other big cities, almost all German dailies are organs of some party, or fraction of party, or of a group or clique, whose interest they espouse, and the members of which furnish it with "pap" in the way of news, subscribers, editors or money. Of the three kinds, the news-pap is most acceptable, for nothing builds up a German paper more rapidly than a reputation for getting "exclusives," official or semi-official, of a diplomatic, military

1. Ausgabe.

Berliner

Morgenblatt.

# Lokal-Anzeiger.

Central-Organ für die Reichshauptstadt.



Verlag: Carl H. Schreyer, Berlin, Unter den Linden 10. Druck: Carl H. Schreyer, Berlin, Unter den Linden 10. Preis: 1 Mark 50 Pfennig pro Quartal, 4 Mark 50 Pfennig pro Halbjahr, 16 Mark 50 Pfennig pro Jahr, vorausbezahlt. Die Anzeigen werden nach dem Tarif des Verlagsbureaus berechnet. Die Redaktion befindet sich in Berlin, Unter den Linden 10. Die Druckerei ist an der Spandauer Strasse 10. Die Expedition ist an der Spandauer Strasse 10. Die Redaktion ist an der Spandauer Strasse 10.

**Neuzeitung aus der  
Türckey/ wie das der Türckische Key-  
ser seiner Waschaeltliche hat richten lassen/  
zu Constantinopel.**

**Auch wie das der Persianer König  
dem Türckischen Keyser zwei grosse Schlachten  
abgewonnen hat/ und viel Volcke erschlagen.**

**Was sich auch in Brabandt/ in Kürz  
in dem Spanischen Lager zugetragen hat/  
kürzlich zu lesen.**

**Und was sich in Franckreich durch den Marschal  
Annullus widerumb vor Empörung erhoben/  
Alles in Kürz verfasst.**

**Was auch der König  
in Hispanien widerumb für eine neue  
Inquisition angefangen hat / kürzlich  
von einem guten Freunde beschrieben**

Neuzeitung aus der Türckei 1c. 1c.

Gedruckt zu Berlin bei Michael Hengsten 1578

Die erste in Berlin gedruckte Zeitung, in Originalgröße wiedergegeben

Verlag: H. Zschalig, Göttingen

FRONT PAGE OF GERMAN NEWSPAPER OF 1578.

or political order. In Germany the Government has never ceased to exercise the ancient *ius primae noctis*, save that it enslaves the mind only now, instead of both body and soul; there the master still claims the exclusive right to fructify public opinion, and the nation of thinkers, like the serfs of old, willingly lends itself to the process, at the same time hatching with equal eagerness all sorts of wind eggs and cuckoo eggs, smuggled into its nest by wire-pullers and fuglemen.

The *Deutsche Zeitung* is a rabid anti-Semite sheet; numbers of anti-Semites sit in the ministerial offices; the great majority of the Kaiser's goldsticks, too, belong to that party. Now, it is a fact that the Berlin cabinet is kept exceedingly well informed on affairs in Natal, and there is little doubt that Prince Hohenlohe likes to see anti-British news in print. But if they were given to the *North Ger-*

*man Gazette*, or some other well-known tout, the source and the underlying motive of the publication would be at once patent to everybody; so transcripts of the cables are turned over to Dr. Lange's gazette, which has no official connection with the foreign office, and is reckoned with the opposition, and whose politics the *régime* in power openly disavows. Similar windfalls gladden to-day this, to-morrow that, editor's heart. Though no Herr Redakteur ever thinks of spending money for "scoops," even the least enterprising of them startles the community from time to time by an exclusive announcement of consequence, that makes his paper the talk of the day and often the subject of contention in parliament and diplomatic circles. No ward politician or taphouse hanger-on ever believed more thoroughly in influence than the editor of the Fatherland. Some seven or eight years ago a second-hand playwright named Hugo Lubliner brought out a short-lived drama, that, on account of its treatment of the labour question, attracted his Majesty's attention. William went to the third performance, and in the course of it "com-

manded" the author to his box, telling him that he, Lubliner, seemed to have a rare understanding of the problem, and that his play expressed the imperial views. Two days later Lubliner announced his intention of publishing a daily to advocate the Kaiser's (and his own) labour views, and after a month *Der Abend* made its appearance. The report of what the Emperor had said to Lubliner during a three minutes' interview of courtesy had sufficed to procure the financial backing necessary for the first few months. When the paper had been out a week, Lubliner asked my opinion of it. I told him it was lacking in authority, incomplete, amateurish, and, in short, impossible.

This influence-worship is so blind that German editors never investigate a story coming from official or semi-official sources; they print as facts and editorial

expressions whatever masters or friends send in, be it *ballon d'essai*, revelations, booms or rectification, mere supposition or, perchance, the truth. And if, a day or two later, a higher authority than that previously cited makes a denial of the published account, that in turn is accorded space.

In the matter of general news all papers with a limited amount of money at their command are served on equal terms. Wolff's Bureau—the Reuters of Germany—is a Government affair, subsidised by "news-pap" and the right of priority in the dispatch of telegrams to such an extent that no special correspondent can get stuff on the wire until Wolff has said *Mahlzeit* or "good-night." That, in return, Wolff prepares the intelligence he disseminates according to the taste of the foreign office, the various ministers, Government and police officials, is only natural, and it may be relied upon that nothing detrimental to the powers that be is circulated by him. If an editor is caught tripping, he cannot plead that the matter slipped into the paper in the rush of business; for, as the Berlin States Attorney once pointed out, "a newspaper printing specials must appoint editors to look after such undesirable wildcat information." Indeed, so undesirable are "specials" that the Government has always refused to allow a newspaper rate. But how does the reading public relish this diet? So well that the success of the *Anzeiger* class of papers in nowise interfered with the limited prosperity of dependent sheets. The average German feels lost in the political arena if bereft of leading strings. When Bismarck fell, one of his organs, *Das Deutsche Tageblatt*, also gave up the ghost, and as it happened about a month before quarter-day, the publisher made arrangements with the *Berliner Nachrichten* to supply his subscribers free of charge until the expiration of their terms. But though the *Nachrichten* was the counterpart of the defunct paper in all but unreasonable hero worship, the subscribers would not consent, and so many of them brought suit against the bankrupt *Tageblatt* company for breach of contract, that the *Nachrichten* thought it good policy to bring about an *entente cordiale* with Friedrichsruhe. This was done, and matters ran smoothly with the



LUDWIG PIETSCH, THE GREAT FEUILLETONIST.

*Tageblatt's* former readers. Nowadays the *Nachrichten* or, with its full title, the *Berliner Neuesten Nachrichten*, figures in cable dispatches occasionally as the mouth-piece of the foreign office, which sounds well, but is absolutely devoid of significance; for, although Count Bülow makes a certain glib-tongued secretary an alleged connecting-link between his stores of information and the press, no one ever carried away from his palace a single bit of positive, accurate news. During my several terms as Berlin correspondent, I found it best to ignore entirely this source of misleading bulletins and embryo canards, and also the press bureaus of the other ministries, yet was never beaten on that account. On the other hand, I scored heavily once or twice through studied neglect.

German official information is so seldom worth telegraphing that one gets at the truth only when one catches an official unawares.

The *Berliner Tageblatt*—no connection with its dead namesake, already mentioned—made its way by unconven-

tional methods, and an American desirous of improving his German cannot do better than read this daily, which rivals our own *Evening Post* and *Commercial Advertiser* in literary excellence, the *Herald* in newsiness and the *Sun* in brightness. Its Monday edition, besides, is a clever imitation, in abridged form, of *Harper's Weekly* with the illustrations left out. The *Tageblatt* is owned by the Fatherland's chief advertising agent, Herr Rudolph Mosse, and edited by a sharp reviewer, Dr. Levysen, who marshals a staff of ten *Redakteurs* and four or five reporters, press bureaus furnishing the bulk of local news, whereof each makes a specialty in some such line as police, scandal, courts, sports, fires, funerals, balls and fêtes, hotel arrivals, etc. "Wild" reporters have also free access to its columns—anything to get amusement out of life. These are "men in buckram," hungry for reputations, who deal in the marvellous and *outré*. Most of the serious papers throw their effusions in the waste basket. The *Tageblatt* prints and elaborates them if amusing, adding some such comment as "unsubstantiated," or "from an irresponsible source." Out of this collaboration of penny-a-liner and literary artist spring many delightful feuilletons, and I doubt whether the method is not an improvement on the one prevailing in some New York newspaper offices, where "star" writers are hired to rewrite news reports.

"Wild" reporters earn from twenty-five to fifty dollars per month; the legitimate reporter can often make as much as a hundred dollars, but never more. Editors receive from a thousand to twenty-five hundred and even three thousand dollars per year; feuilletonists secure from a pfennig (one-quarter of a cent) to a cent and a quarter per word. The average foreign correspondent is looked upon as a feuilletonist and his exclusive services are engaged only in rare instances. The *Tageblatt's* Cuban correspondent, during the late war, was a salaried man, I believe, and so was the young doctor of philosophy whom the *Lokal Anzeiger* sent to Spitzbergen to report Andree's "last words," but they were exceptions. To emphasize this, it need only be mentioned that of all German newspapers the *Frankfurter Zeitung* alone keeps a regular correspon-

dent in New York who is authorized to use the cable. The American representative of the *Koelnische Zeitung* is an artist and charming descriptive writer, but he does not know a hundred words of English. The *Tageblatt*, the *Münchener Allgemeine* and the *Lokal Anzeiger* expect only sensations from their New York men, which come timely enough if sent by mail; the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna, and the excellent *Lloyd* in Budapesth, also make a specialty of American news, but seemingly draw their inspiration indirectly from the American newspapers.

As the organ of the *haute finance* the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is as eagerly read in Wall Street as in the board of trade centres of Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, London or Paris. It has, like the *Cologne Gazette*, four editions daily, at five and eleven A.M., and at two and seven P.M. Leopold Sonnemann, a noted democratic deputy, is the chief owner and all-powerful director of this able, reliable and liberal-spirited organ of publicity that comes nearer to the much-talked-about American ideal newspaper than any other foreign daily. Sonnemann is his own chief editorial writer, while L. Schueler, Theo. Saevigk, Dr. F. Mammoth, Dr. Paul Goldmann and Dr. L. Cohnstadt compose his general staff, and are as thoroughly imbued with his ideas as the *Sun* staff was with the ideas of the late Charles A. Dana. Though the People's Party claims the *Frankfurter* as its organ, Sonnemann has proved himself independent of all ties on many occasions. He is as radical a democrat as ever dared print a line under the Prussian gag laws, and his fearless leaders frequently bear a cosmopolitan hue.

While the majority of German papers print "under the dividing line" a serial story in place of a feuilleton, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has retained, with the old name, also the old meaning. Its feuilleton consists of short stories, criticisms, news of science, the arts, humour and *causerie*, all of them original contributions by men with recognised standings in their professions. The *Frankfurter's* Berlin offices employ more editors and reporters than some of the newspapers of the capital do, and no foreign correspondent dares say "good-night" until he has seen the latest *Zeitung* from the old

Free City, with its financial news and political information. The only competitor the Wolff bureau ever had was established not in the capital, but in Frankfurt with the idea of supplying newspapers throughout the empire with intelligence cribbed from Herr Sonnemann's paper. The *Zeitung* probably prints sixty thousand copies daily, and the universal character of its circulation is reflected in its advertising columns, that quite as often contain financial prospectuses in English, French and Italian as in the German.

As the *Cologne Gazette* has a popular, or, more correctly, a vulgar edition called *Blätter*, and the *Tageblatt* one styled *Berliner Zeitung*, so are the small-fry burghers of the Main-city treated to a pseudo *Frankfurter Gazette*, the *Kleine Presse*, which contains all the parent's dispatches of general interest, but none of its *haute finance*, high politics, scientific news and literary treats, the deficiency being made up by local gossip, beer-bench philosophy, and sensational novels. The sideshow adjuncts to these important papers strike a New Yorker as strangely incongruous, but they serve their purpose—that is, the acquisition of a large local circulation. Besides they are good to quote from. For instance, if the *Frankfurter*, *Koelnische*, or *Tageblatt* deem it advisable to print an unconfirmed or wholly unconfirmable rumour, yet do not care to stand sponsor for it, it is inserted in the *Presse*, *Blätter* or *Berliner*, and reprinted with full credit to these sheets, which are entirely unknown outside of their localities. Again, every newspaper needs "fillers," and there are gossipy stories and funny items that no German journal of prestige could afford to print as original contributions, as they might injure its reputation for dignity and seriousness. Like its Frankfurt colleague, the *Koelnische Zeitung* is uncontrolled by party or government influences. At times, however, it yields to the temptation of getting news and, in exchange for information, lowers itself, for a limited period, to advocate some ministry, government measure or view. Thus Bismarck used it for many years, but during the time of servitude the *Koelnische* grew so much in prestige, clientèle and wealth that it can now afford to ignore imperial cajolery as it

once ignored the great Frederick's threats.

"That press scamp Roderigue indulges in a thousand impertinences against me in his dirty gazette," wrote the King from Berlin, January 9, 1745, to his representative in Cologne, "and if he does not stop I will find ways and means to punish him whether the scoundrel be my subject or not." Yet "Roderigue" continued to attack the King of Prussia, and the monarch who had flouted Europe could not cow him.

The *Gazette's* four editions combined make a paper as large in size and in number of pages as the *London Times*, which it aims to rival in many ways, and, indeed, the *Zeitung's* own reports of wars and of parliament lose nothing by comparison with those of "The Thunderer."

The *Koelnische* has one or more noted men travelling in unexplored, or little explored, countries all the time, and encourages good literature by printing original novels by the greatest German writers; its criticisms on matters of art, literature and the stage, whether dated from Cologne, Berlin, Munich and Dresden, or from Paris, London or St. Petersburg, are of the highest character. It has excellent mail correspondents in most parts of the world, and its Berlin, London and Paris bureaus are esteemed highly enough to secure a surprising amount of important exclusive news; yet the *Koelnische Zeitung*, like its Frankfurt namesake, somehow misses being a great paper. It registers, but lacks initiative; once in a while it helps defeat an unpopular person or measure, but it doesn't build up; its influence is negative only, despite the fact that all prominent Germans deem this journal indispensable to such an extent that it means complete obscurity to be born, betrothed, married, blessed with offspring or buried without proper announcement in its columns. A host of readers, however, does not necessarily signify a large circulation. I doubt whether the most widely read and most substantial Berlin daily, the *Vossische Zeitung*, has more than two-thirds the *Cologne Gazette's* subscription list, which is 40,000 at a generous estimate. The W. R. Hearst of Germany, Herr Scherl, admits that it is impossible to obtain more than 125,000 subscribers for a daily in the Fatherland no matter where it



WAITING TO SEE THE EDITOR.

is published, how well it is managed and how popular and cheap it is, and this seeming paradox is easily enough explained by the circumstance that three or four families keep one paper between them, while unattached men and women read their papers in cafés, clubs and sewing societies. Aside from limited circulation, all papers, with few exceptions, suffer from the curse of tradesmen's ethics, that forbid certain branches of business to advertise except at stipulated periods, at the beginning of the season and before certain holidays, Easter, Christmas and Whitsuntide, and among these fastidious advertisers that do not advertise are, strange to say, all the leading dry-goods houses. A half-page "ad" on quarterday in all the local sheets satisfies their craving for publicity, exceptions being made only in the case of the *Vossische* and *Tageblatt*, which get a weekly sop of ten to fifteen square inches. The public is supposed to know this and to look up these sheets on stated occasions if it cares to find out about the great merchants' offerings. The *Vossische*—its real name is *Koeniglich Berlinische privilegierte Zeitung* (Royal Privileged Gazette)—is as much of a Berlin institution as the Schloss or Unter den Linden. Founded in 1704, it has numbered among its contributors successively all the enlightened men of

Prussia and Germany, even the great Frederick and Alexander von Humboldt.

Frederick, the *Vossische* archives tell us, was fond of writing criticisms on his own prima donnas, tenors and dancers, cajoling or damning them in most forcible, unorthographic language, as it suited his pleasure or the budget of his opera house, while Humboldt varied the monotony of his essays occasionally by some such "Letter to the Editor" as this: "I fail to understand on what pretext the censor suppressed my innocent verses on Countess Lottum's garters. Was it necessary to send the garters and the legs belonging to them to police headquarters to convince the Cerberus there that the description was authentic and not exaggerated? HUMBOLDT."

The *Vossische Zeitung*, commonly called *Tante Voss*, is as old-fashioned as the New York *Tribune*, but also as cheerful as *Life*, an authority in matters of literature and art, liberal, public spirited and, above all, reliable. Dr. Stephany, the editor-in-chief, writes most of the leaders himself, but also buys this sort of commodity from any well-accredited literary man who chances to offer something coinciding with his policy. Yet though Stephany's name stands at the head of the *Vossische*, he is not half as well known as his feuilletonist, who signs only his initials, even now that the



Emperor has made him a "professor." This gentleman, Herr Ludwig Pietsch, is an artist by profession, but his pen became so highly valued in the course of time that he had to lay the brush aside. Love of the beautiful is the secret of his success as a writer. Whether he reviews a book, a picture gallery, or a battle; whether he attends a fête, an exhibition of sports or the police courts, whether he writes of some great genius or portrays a *Stilleben* in the poor quarters, he always manages to emphasise the bright, elevating side. He is at home in every saddle, always enthusiastic, always amiable. His women, horses, mountains, poets, dancers, his bishop in robes and his general at the head of an army live, breathe, act under the reader's eyes. Pietsch has interviewed, in the course of the last fifty years, every person of note the world over. His reminiscences of Grant are as intimate, if not as complete, as his recollections of Moltke, Turgenev, Mark Twain, Lasalle and Paul de Kock, Pius IX., Garibaldi, Victor Hugo, the third Napoleon, Isabella of Spain and hundreds of others. He knows or has known them all, and the world knows them better for his knowledge.

Though more wedded to its locality and less newsy, *Die Neue Freie Presse* occupies the same niche in Vienna letters as the *Vossische* does in the Kaiserstadt on the Spree; but while its judgment on matters musical, theatrical and matters of art may be accepted as final, American readers should hesitate to attach much significance to its political utterances, which, as far as they affect international politics, are for the most part mere combinations. Officially the Austrian Government speaks through the *Wiener Zeitung*, a small urban sheet, and semi-officially through the *Fremdenblatt*, which, as a newspaper, is a little ahead of the Berlin *Die Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, but not much. The *Fremdenblatt* neglects *belles lettres*, which is a particularly heinous crime in light-hearted Wien. And that from the



AUGUST SCHERL.

Heines, nephews of the poet, who own the paper!

Like this Vienna oracle, the rest of the German official press is more or less unworthy of serious consideration. The *Norddeutsche* has already been mentioned. It was never read by anybody save officials, government contractors and editors, but after Bismarck's retirement sunk to the level of a mere signpost or dead wall. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* also affects governmental inspiration now that its old master is dead, but its authority is a thing of the past, and a rather stupid provincial sheet is all that remains of the old disseminator of historic surprises. Another Hamburg paper, occasionally mentioned in the cables, is *Der Correspondent*, the organ of the Prussian minister of finance, Herr von Miquel, but unendowed with any of that gentleman's capacity for saying smart and salient things. The Berlin *National Zeitung*, always most unpop-

ular politically, enjoyed, at one time, a reputation for judgment in matters of art, but since its musical critic "went to pieces" before the Kaiser's "Song to Aegir," applauding even his Majesty's capacity for plagiarism, the prestige conferred upon this journal by the late Lothar Bucher has evaporated. This gazette has now less than fifteen thousand subscribers, and one may judge of its hearty contempt for news when it is recalled that it opposed a telegraphic press rate on the plea "that there is too much telegraphing anyhow." To complete the list, there is the *Freisinnige Zeitung*. This is the organ of Eugen Richter, the famed parliamentarian, who occasionally contributes to its columns a little Attic salt and pepper from Cayenne, but it prints neither telegrams nor letters, only "cooked" reports of the Diet and Reichstag, together with a resumé and criticism of the news contained in the evening editions. To facilitate this, it is issued at eight, instead of at three or four P.M.

Newspapermen are likely to be interested in the editor's hours. A German *Redakteur* goes to work at nine A.M. and to his dinner at one P.M. Between the hours of two and six in the afternoon he works upon the morning edition, and talks with subscribers who call on him for advice or complaint. Sub-editors remain until eight or nine o'clock, when the night man takes complete charge until the last form goes to press. If there

is any special need for reporters, he telephones for some one, otherwise he allows the poor souls to sleep peacefully.

In the night of April 23 to April 24, 1891, I was sitting in the Berlin office of the *Herold Telegraph Bureau*, then a competitor of Wolff's, when a man rushed in exclaiming: "Moltke is dead."

"Oh, that old ass, *R. I. P.*," said the night editor, and continued to look over his dispatches. I didn't know what he meant by this, but was out of the office and down the stairs and in a cab in less time than it takes to tell.

"To the General Staff Palace—double fare!"

The cabman nearly killed his horses, and I got the facts and the story on the wire before anybody else had an inkling of the great news. Then I went back to the *Herold* office to see how things were going. The editor was having his supper, a prodigious pot of beer, leberwurst sandwich and puffs from a huge pipe.

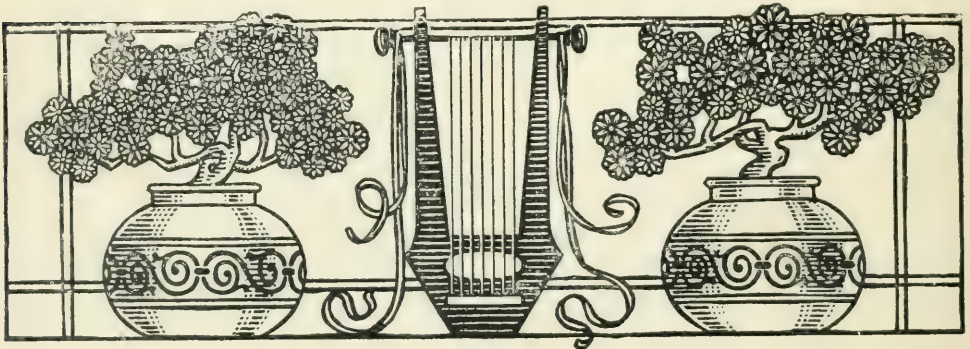
"*Ach Gott*," he said after a while. "I wonder what that ass of a Hans meant by interrupting my work to say that our janitor is dead."

"Your janitor?"

"Yes; his name is Moltke, a natural son of the Field Marshal."

I confess to helping the editor black-guard his inconsiderate informant. The Berlin morning papers of April 24 did not have a line on Moltke's death.

Henry W. Fischer.



*Manuscript 1900.*



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